King. Goe call him hither presently.
The deepe reuoluing wittie Buckingham,
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsell,
Hath he so long held out with me vntirde,
And stops he now for breath?

Enter Darby.

How now, what newes with you?

Dar. My Lord, I heare the Marquesse Dorset
Is fled to Richmond, in those parts beyond the seas where he abides.

King. Catesby. *Cat.* My Lord.

King. Rumor it abroad
That *Anne* my wife is sicke and like to die,
I will take order for her keeping close:
Enquire me out some meane borne Gentleman,
Whome I will marry straight to *Clarence* daughter,
The boy is foolish, and I feare not him:
Looke how thou dreamst: I say againe, giue out
That *Anne* my wife is sicke and like to die.
About it, for it stands me much vpon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me,
I must be married to my brothers daughter,
Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle glasse,
Murther her brothers, and then marry her,
Vncertaine way of gaine, but I am in
So farre in blood, that sin plucks on sin,
Teares falling pittie dwels not in this eye.

Enter Tirrel.

Is thy name Tirrel?

Tir. Iames *Tirrel*, and your most obedient subiect.

King. Art thou indeed?

Tir. Proue me my gracious soueraigne.

King. Dar'st thou resolue to kill a friend of mine?

Tir. I my Lord, but I had rather kill two deepe enemies.

King. Why there thou hast it, two deepe enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweete sleepes disturbs,
Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:
Tirrel, I meane those bastards in the Tower.

Tir. Let me haue open meanes to come to them,

And

And soone Ile rid you from the fe
King. Thou singst sweet musick
Go by that token, rise and lend thin
Tis no more but so, say, is it done
And I will loue thee, and preferre t
Tir. Tis done my gracious Lor
King. Shall we heare from thee

Enter Buckin

Tir. Yea my good Lord.
Buc. My Lord, I haue consider
The late demand that you did sour
King. Well let that passe, *Dorset*
Buc. I heare that newes my Lor
King. *Stanly*, he is your wiues so
Buc. My Lord I claime your gi
For which your honor and your fa
The Earledome of *Herford* and the
The which you promised I should
King. *Stanly* looke to your wife,
Letters to *Richmond* you shall answ
Buc. What sayes your Highne
King. As I remember *Henry* th
Did propheisie that *Richmond* shoul
When *Richmond* was a little peeuish
A King perhaps, perhaps.
King. How chance the Prophe
Haue told me, I being by, that I sh
Buc. My Lord, your promise fo
King. *Richmond*, when last I was
The Maior in curtesie shewed me t
And called it Ruge-mount, at whic
Because a Bard of *Ireland* told me
I should not liue long after I saw *R*
Buc. My Lord.
King. I, whats a clocke?
Buck. I am thus bold to put you
Of what you promisde me.
King. Well, but whats a clocke?
Buc. Vpon the stroke of ten.

I

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